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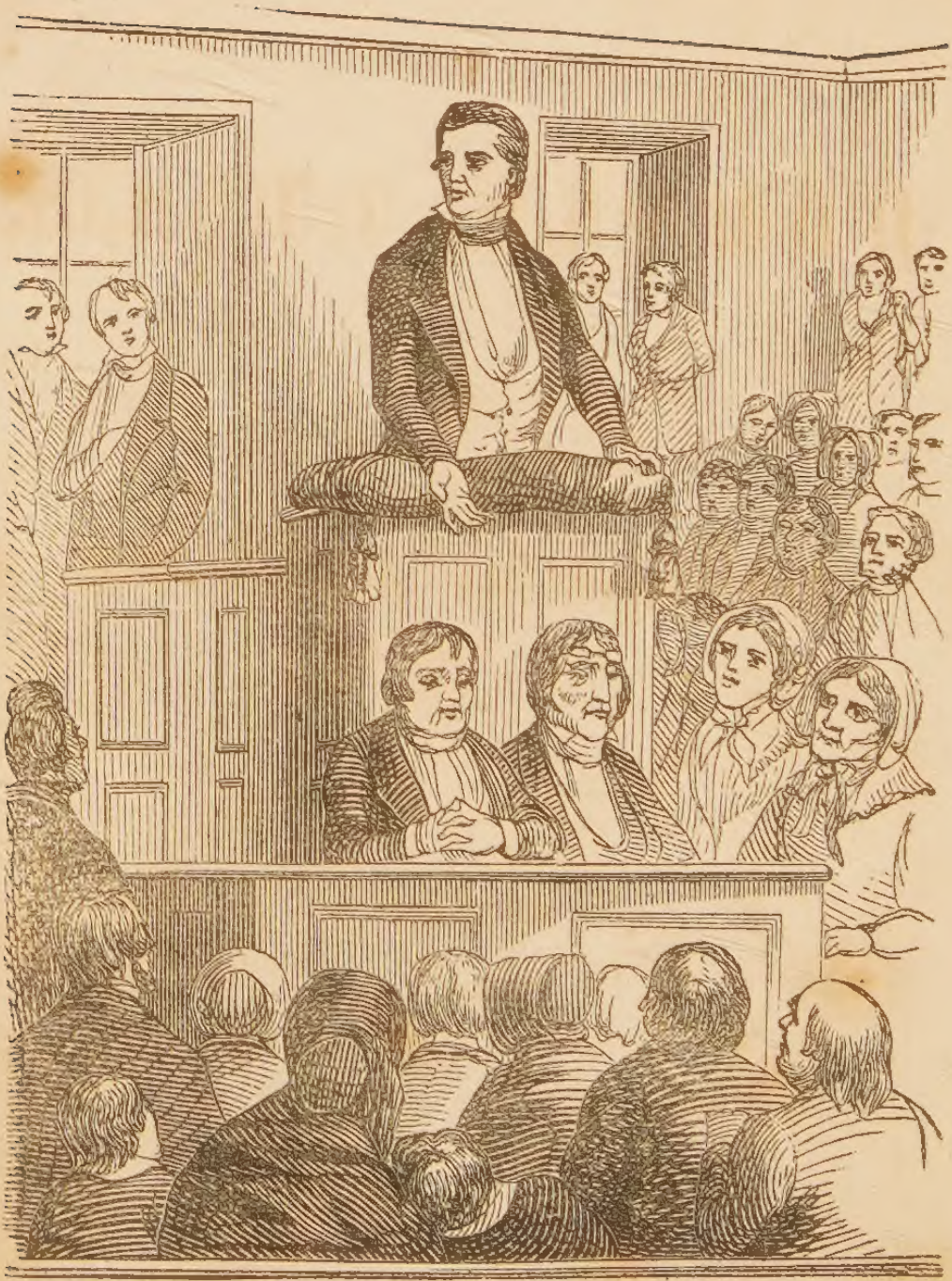

THE PUBLIC ADDRESS.

THE

HOMELY CHILD:

OR,

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

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PREFACE.

THE incidents of the following story were communicated orally to the writer, several years ago, by an old gentleman. I have arranged them in a little book for young persons. If they are the means of arousing indolent minds, or of encouraging timid ones, the object of writing it will be fully met.

Most young persons (and some quite old ones) have a wish to be thought good-looking. If they are conscious of not being able by any means to merit the title of beautiful,

they will make great effort to be considered "handsome." For that purpose they will keep a variety of ornaments on their persons, and sometimes make themselves quite ludicrous, when they imagine they look very pretty. Now let me say to such, that they can be handsome without one of those efforts,—without even a rosy cheek, or a sparkling eye, or flowing tresses, or any such thing.

Just make yourselves useful, and wise, and kind; and though your features and forms may be cast in the coarsest mold, you will soon become beautiful in the eyes of your friends.

Above all things be good, and seek the approval of God.

CONTENTS.

Chap. Page

I.—A Mother's Love—The watchful Eye—Doctor B.—The Ordeal—Grandfather—Disappointment—Rickety Boy 9

II.—Regularity—The Family Altar—Going to Church—Text—Disgrace..... 27

III.—Perseverance—Fresh Obstacles—A kind Neighbor—Discussion—The Student—The Tutor—Pious Counsel—Prayer..... 38

IV.—Discouragements—Man of God—Sermon—Hymn—Sickness—The dying Scene..... 50

V.—The Sacrifice Accepted—Funeral—The University—Gifts—Frederick—Journey—The Recognition—Christian Interview—Mary's Death 60

VI.—Letter—Home, sweet Home—Joyful Meeting—Celebration—The Oratol—Grandfather's Prophecy—The Heir—Success—Retirement—Conclusion 72

THE HOMELY CHILD.

CHAPTER I.

A MOTHER'S LOVE — THE WATCHFUL EYE — DOCTOR B. — THE ORDEAL — OUR GRANDFATHER — DISAPPOINTMENT — RICKETY BOY.

My name is Timothy Twombly. My father was an old-fashioned, independent farmer. He paid his tax seasonably, settled annually for our one newspaper, and helped support "the Minister." There was a large family of us, nine children that survived infancy and became men and women. I am now an old man; but well do I remember that cluster of brothers and sisters, and especially

my brisk, active mother, directing and assisting in all the labors of our large house in spite of the "baby," which was always a part of our household arrangement. My brothers and sisters were all healthy, and remarkably good-looking; myself being the only exception. And how such a little dwarfish fellow-creature came among them, or to what purpose, it was many years before I could make out. And why it is that my soul has been clogged with the burden of this feeble frame, or inclosed in such a frail prison-house for more than threescore years, while two of my noble brothers were cut off in the prime of manhood, eternity alone will develop. Owing to my physical suffering, I became very sensitive, silent, and sullen: this,

added to my personal deformity, made me altogether an unlovable child, excepting to my dear mother, who alone seemed to understand me, appreciate me, and love me. Through the livelong day, as I would sit in my little cushioned chair, with my enormous head resting against its back, and my great glassy eyes staring at nothing at all, every voice but hers was usually unheeded, and every step, but the quick, light one of my mother, gave me pain. Our family never alluded to my deformity, seldom to my poor health; but from the very tenderness of my mother I learned both. In after years I was taught it by more bitter lessons. But another eye than my mother's watched over my feeble childhood, and other care was thrown around

me. Through my long, weary pilgrimage, even back to early childhood, do I trace the kind and wise guidance of a benevolent Providence. To this Providence do I attribute the visit of an old and experienced physician from my father's native State. Seeing my sickly appearance as I sat hour after hour by the cradle, (for I was not allowed to be entirely idle,) he kindly examined my person and pulse, and then told my mother that she must give me exercise, and not allow me to sit so much, and he took me by the hand and led me gently up and down the long kitchen. "There my boy," said he, "you must put aside that little hot chair and help do the house-work, and then you must play with your little brothers." "I don't like to play," said I, "I am

so tired." "Tired are you, poor boy!" said he, compassionately, "well, you can work a little for mother, and when you get tired lie down upon that chest; but on no account sit in this little chair. Will you remember?" My mother assured him that the chair should be carried off up-stairs. He then recommended tepid baths and friction for my shriveled limbs; and left my mother joyful in the hope of restoring me to health and activity. The next morning I passed the ordeal of bathing and friction, until I heartily wished the good doctor and his prescriptions again in Ohio, that I might have the comfort of being "let alone;" and then, to increase my discontent, my mother commenced vigorously (as she did everything) to give me exercise. Never

before had I discovered how discordant and unmusical was my name. Tim, Timmy, Timothy, my mother would call, in every imaginable "key;" and my sisters, all eager for my improvement, would take up the name until my head ached with the sound. No sooner would I stretch myself on the old oak chest, (that had been pointed out as my resting-place,) with my heavy head resting on my arm, than a new summons would again call me to my feet. I have sometimes laughed when I thought how often I clenched my little fist, and set my teeth, in anger at the frequent repetition of my name. "I don't like that name," said I, fairly provoked out of my usual silence, "I wish you had not called me Timothy." "Why not," said

my mother. "Why," said I, "it don't sound pleasant, it is sharp, and makes my head ache; it is not half so pretty as Horatio, or Arthur, or Albert,—I love to hear you call their names."

"But do you know," said my mother, "how you came to have that name? I will tell you. Your grandfather had a son Timothy, his only son, and I think he loved him more than all five of his daughters; in truth he was a noble boy, generous and affectionate, and his father hoped to have him to live on the farm, and take care of him when he became old. But God removed him: he died suddenly of typhus fever. My poor father! it almost broke his heart. He wrote me, telling all his grief, and disappointment, and begged, if we had not christened our new babe, to

name him Timothy; and you, my little son, were that babe. Doctor B. says that your grandfather is coming to see us, and will soon be here; I hope that you will not tell him you don't like your name."

"No, indeed," said I, as I drew nearer and took the infant's hand in my own as it lay sleeping in her arms; "but will my grandfather love me when I am so"—ugly-looking I would have said, but the word stuck in my throat. Mother got up, and laid the little one in the cradle very quickly, and as she folded the covering over the babe, I saw a tear fall on its fat arm, and then mother retreated to the dairy, and for more than an hour she did not again call my name.

Not long after this, my grand-

father's chaise was seen one evening coming up the lane. It was a mid-summer twilight; and my brothers, notwithstanding the labors of the day, were engaged in some noisy game. I was sitting in my usual posture, my chin resting on my hand, apparently enjoying the play, but in reality watching the full, round moon as it slowly crept up from behind our "maple growth." "There is grandfather," said Arthur; and the merry group were quiet at once. As for myself, I retreated as fast as my little strength would permit to my resting-place, which I was glad to find was quite in the shade of the lamps, where I could watch our venerable relative, and the cordial greeting he received from our family. My brothers took care of his baggage,

my father disposed of his hat and cane, sister Jane brought out the great arm-chair, while mother spread the cloth, and set about preparing supper,—and such a supper,! You would have thought her cooking for a company of soldiers, rather than for one old gentleman.

"Well, Lydia," said my grandfather, addressing mother, as he moved back from the supper-table, and took out his pipe, "you look prosperous here—very prosperous—fine family—likely children — yes," said he, looking round scrutinizingly on each face, "a very nice family. But which is Timothy? You have not yet told me that." My grandfather attempted to rise to light his pipe, but father took it from his hand, and set it "going," while my

GRANDFATHER'S DOUBTS.

good mother came to me. "Come, Timmy," said she, "and see grandfather;" and she smoothed down my hair, and spoke cheerfully. "Here, father, is your boy," said mother, leading me forward. "O, this is Timothy," said he, looking at me sharply through his glasses; "you wrote me, he was ailing. Poor boy! rickety, ha!" said he, placing his hand on my forehead. "Well, he will be better by-and-by—he must learn to be good—"Handsome is that handsome does." Then he permitted me to slide from his knee, and return to my hiding-place to watch him until bed-time. "Lydia," said he at length, "that boy's name ought to be Timothy; come here, child:" and Albert, the most beautiful of the group, came forward and

climbed on grandpa's knee. "Albert does look as brother Timothy did at his age," said mother; "but that one (and she lowered her voice as she pointed to the dark corner where I was) appeared healthy and was good-looking until he was two years old."

"This is the picture of my boy," said grandpa, hugging him to his bosom, and resting his withered cheek on his soft, golden ringlets.

I know not how Esau felt when defrauded of his birthright and blessing; but I don't think he shed more bitter tears than wet the old oak chest that evening as I lay stretched upon it.

"Come, Timmy, it is time for you to go to bed, Ally has gone to sleep in grandpa's lap;" and my mother

took him in her arms: "Bid grandfather good-night," said she, as she turned to carry Ally to bed. "Good night, sir," said I; and I am sure, there was a little pride in the tone of my voice.

That night, as usual when I was excited, I was extremely restless. Especially did the remark of my grandfather, that I was "rickety," puzzle me; I had never heard the word, and could not think what it meant. At length I came to the conclusion that he had said crickety, and somehow there seemed a singular appropriateness in the word as applied to me. I remembered how I used to sit through the long winter-evening listening to the cricket, as it sang in the old chimney, utterly regardless of the happy voices around

me. It is a fact, (thought I,) I am part cricket, and that is why I am so lean and ugly-looking, and don't like to play or talk, but am always thinking—thinking, and no one loves or caresses me, but mother, and she looks sadly upon me. Well, I will not cry again when mother bathes me, and then, I will work and play all the time, and see if I cannot become "all boy." Sleep came upon me with these thoughts floating in my mind, and I dreamed that I was a "*bona fide*" cricket, with bright glassy eyes, and little wiry horns protruding from the corners of my forehead. I thought that I crept from my hole in the hearth, and sat looking at my grandfather, for he was still my grandfather; and though I was a cricket, I admired his healthy,

good-natured countenance, and silver locks that hung about his neck and mingled with the curls of my little brother. Going a little nearer to the old man, I thought he lifted his foot, and was about to set it on the poor "cricket," when, with a wild scream, I leaped from my trundle-bed into the middle of the floor. "What on earth is the matter?" said my father, who was out of bed almost as soon as I was. "Why, Timmy, how came you here?" "I hopped here," said I, crying bitterly. "And how came you to hop here, child?" said he, lifting me up and going toward the bed. "O, I dreamed I was a cricket, and grandfather was going to set his foot on me, and so I hopped; for you know I am part cricket."

"Part cricket!" said my father,—

"what does the boy mean? You are dreaming still." "I ain't dreaming; you know grandfather said, I was crickety." At this mother laughed, and explained to me, that grandfather said, I was "rickety;" which meant only that I was sickly, and did not grow like other children. Thus relieved in my mind, I nestled up to my little brother, and was soon in a refreshing sleep. Grandfather staid three weeks, and I had the satisfaction of seeing my beautiful brother thoroughly establish his position, as favorite with the old gentleman. Once only did he take me out to ride with him and Ally; but he asked so many questions, and chid me so often for my absent-mindedness, or stupidity, as he called it, that I was glad when it was over.

He could not see into my restless mind, or read my thoughts, else he would never have called me stupid.

CHAPTER II.

REGULARITY — FAMILY ALTAR — GOING TO CHURCH—TEXT—DISGRACE.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain.—*Solomon.*

Ours was a well-ordered, systematic family; everything arranged by the old clock, that was forever ticking beside the carved cupboard in the "fore-room." Five in the morning found my father and brothers (who were old enough to work) all in the field, and my mother and sisters quite as busy in their several departments in the kitchen and dairy And then, what a variety of sounds

and odors disturbed the extra hour of repose permitted me!

At six o'clock we all met in the kitchen, and then the old family Bible was opened, and we sat down to listen to the word of life. This I always enjoyed. It was one of the things that soothed my peevish nature. Indeed, I very early learned to read the Bible, and took great pleasure therein. The Psalms of David seemed to me the sweetest melody, while some of the prophecies appeared, even to my childish imagination, as wonderful in their sublimity. The prayer that followed our morning reading did not so much interest me; I thought it cold and dull, and I could repeat every word of it. I imagined, too, that we looked like the hitching posts before

Mr. Ellet's store, as we stood round the room with each face turned to the wall. I have since learned to appreciate the patience and perseverance that kept our domestic altar in repair, and even "smoking with sacrifices," for nearly fifty years; though not until many years after the period I am now writing of, did it burn bright and clear. Under my mother's care and nursing, with the exercise she compelled me to take, I had become much more healthy. My skin, formerly so yellow and shriveled, became clear and smooth; and my great staring eyes, which the minister's wife had once called "expressive," had assumed a more natural look. Still, I was small in stature, and my head was enormously large. But my mother insisted that

there was "something in that head;" so that, altogether, I began to feel some ambition. About this time, my father insisted that I should go to church. "The boy," said he, "is getting along in years, and should go to meeting, and not become a heathen in this 'gospel land.'" My mother acquiesced, (though she feared it would be too much for me,) and soon prepared my Sunday clothes.

Our family were a strictly church-going people; and though we lived three miles from the "meeting-house," and at least half of them were obliged to walk, it was seldom that our pew was unfilled.

I remember the morning, when it was decided for me to attend church that day. I arose very early, for me,

and throwing up the window, it seemed that "all nature was vocal with songs of praise." It was bright, leafy June, and my very heart bounded with delight at the beauty, and fragrance, and music with which the air was filled. I am sure that on that morning I received an impulse heavenward—a new feeling, a new desire, that I could not understand, until I had experienced justification by faith; and not until I awake in the likeness of my Lord will it be fully satisfied.

But I was going to tell you about my first meeting: let me proceed, that you may know how quick I silenced the bright-winged messenger that seemed to talk with me that morning.

"Come, girls," said my mother, "it is getting very warm, and you will

have to walk slow; you had better be preparing for meeting." My sisters obeyed, and soon descended from their room, attired in their new chintz, and looking uncommonly gay. I saw the look of pride that my mother gave them as they proceeded to the fore-room, and each took her turn before the looking-glass. Next came my two brothers, with their "well-greased shoes:" they too must bend their tall figures in obeisance to the little mirror.

Then, pocketing their allowance of cake and cheese, they followed their sisters down the lane, four as comely youths as could be found in that town. Even my father leaned from the window and looked after them; but when he saw that mother too was watching, he drew back,

saying, "Come, come, wife, get those children ready, and I will harness the horse." My mother went briskly to work, and very soon two more bright faces, redolent of soap and water, were peering above the broad-frilled collars with which she had adorned them. Little Julia was then dressed, and her bright curls put snugly into a long silk bonnet. "Come, Timmy, it is now your turn," said my mother, and the proud, happy expression of countenance gave way to the sad and pitiful one she always gave me. She took the brush from my hand, and, smoothing my hair, proceeded to arrange a stiff collar above my shoulders, while I secretly wished the starch could be transferred to my neck, that it might better support my poor head. "There," said

my mother, as she placed a great chip hat on the top of my head, "you look very well now, if you behave well. Remember what grandpa told you when he was here a long time ago, that "Handsome is that handsome does." I thought she might have refreshed my memory with something more pleasant; but I forgave her, for she led me kindly to the door, and directed father to let me ride on the seat, and Julia to hold her screen so as to defend me from the sun. A happy ride we had that bright morning; my little brothers and sister were so delighted to have me with them, and so noisy in their expressions of joy, that my father had twice to remind them that it was Sabbath-day. Arrived at the church, little Julia led me proudly up the aisle,

my older sisters looked kindly upon me as I entered the pew, Nancy took my hat, while Jane gave me part of her cricket, and held her book toward me that I might look over.

I believe I have told you that I was inclined to be absent-minded. Well, on this morning I had no sooner got seated, than I forgot the object of my coming, and commenced a train of thought of my own, and nothing had power to rouse me from my reverie. The minister arose and read his text, but I had already selected one as foundation for my contemplation, which was no less than the proverb of my grandfather, which mother had that morning repeated to me. And through the whole service I was drawing consolation and hope from that wonderful saying

"Yes," said I mentally, with my great staring eyes fixed on the minister, "I know what that means now. I will be a great man, and a wise man, and then see who will consider me an ugly monster. Fanny Ellet will not then say I look like a monkey, and make dear little Julia cry again. Mother says that I learn faster than any of the children, and she shall see, that 'Handsome is that handsome does.' She shall look proudly and happily upon me yet." Full of these thoughts, I stood staring at the minister, long after he had pronounced the benediction, until Albert gave me my hat, and Julia took my hand to lead me out. Unfortunately for me, the afternoon service was omitted, on account of a distant funeral, so that I had no opportunity

to redeem the time I had lost. That evening, as my father sat down to catechise the children, he asked me, rather abruptly, what was the text of the morning. Alas! I did not know one word of it. In vain I bit my lip, and knit my forehead into a dozen wrinkles; I could draw nothing from the fountains of memory but "handsome is that handsome does;" and so I was sent in disgrace to bed.

CHAPTER III.

PERSEVERANCE — FRESH OBSTACLES — THE KIND NEIGHBOR—DISCUSSION—THE STUDENT — THE TUTOR — PIOUS COUNSEL — PRAYER.

Owing to my infirmity, I had never been permitted to attend the district school. But our family had taught me at home; so that I was by no means a bad scholar. And now that I had made up my mind to "be wise," I set about my preparation for it in right good earnest. I almost wearied my brother Horatio, in calls for lessons, and copies, and sums: at length he laughingly declared he must give up the thought of keeping the winter school if I intended to go! I became, too, a great

reader; or, at least, I acquired a great taste for reading. But a new difficulty arose, in a want of books. I had read everything that our old bookcase afforded, at least three times over; and how to find food for my hungry mind, troubled me very much. But a kind Providence interposed in my behalf, even though I had forgotten to invoke its aid. There had recently moved on to the adjoining farm, a family named Barlow. The first I saw of them was at church: I was then struck with their humble, devout appearance, and the kind, gentle manner Mr. Barlow had returned my father's greeting at the close of the service. Seeing our carriage loaded, he invited my little sister to take a seat beside his own daughter, about the

same age; and from that time Anna Barlow and Julia Twombly were on terms of the greatest intimacy. One morning Anna called, to go to school with Julia, and brought a beautiful moss-rose. "Give that to your sick brother," whispered she to my sister. Julia seized it eagerly, saying, "Here, Timmy, see what Anna has brought you." "I don't want it," said I; for I felt very peevish that morning. My sister was accustomed to my wayward disposition, but she wished to excuse it in the eyes of her friend. "Poor brother!" said she, laying her hand on my shoulder, "do you feel sick this morning?" "No," said I; "but I have nothing to read. I want some books." "Books?" said Anna; "well, I have books, and my father has a

great many,—I will fetch you some." "Will you," said I, taking the rose from sister's hand, "it will make me very happy, and I will take great care of them." That evening Anna brought me some books, and an invitation to call and exchange them, whenever I wished.

"Timmy, what are you brushing up for at this rate; one would suppose you were expecting some fine visitors." "O no, mother, I am going to take Mr. Barlow's books home, and get some more." Mother looked at sister Jane with a smile, but did not speak; while I tied up my books, and set off to make acquaintance with my new friends. Mr. Barlow received me with the greatest kindness. At once I felt perfectly easy in his company, and notwithstanding

my aversion to even speaking before strangers, I found myself conversing familiarly with him even before I was aware of it. He led me into the parlor, and showed me his library. I was much astonished at the sight of so many books, and stood silently gazing on them. "You seem to enjoy the sight of books, my little fellow." "I love them very much," said I; "but where can a boy begin on such a library as this?" Mr. Barlow smiled, and, as he took down several volumes and looked at them, he asked me many questions about the books I had read. As I gave my answers, I saw him frequently exchange glances with his wife, who sat sewing by the window. With my characteristic jealousy, I feared they were amusing themselves at my

ignorance, or deformity, and for a few moments was very unhappy. But when he selected two or three works, saying, "Here, my boy, you make so good use of books, that I shall allow you to take as many as you wish," my sensitive feelings quite overcame me, and I burst into tears.

Mrs. Barlow partook of my emotion,—I saw her wipe her eyes. "Timothy," said she at length, "you must stop to tea. Anna is making a great stir in the kitchen on your account, and you must not disappoint her." I consented, and enjoyed a very happy evening; and from that time I knew but little difference between Mr. Barlow's and my own father's house. It was several months after the commencement of my acquaintance with the Barlows that I

overheard the following conversation between my parents:—

Father. "Wife, What do you think neighbor Barlow says?"

Mother. "I don't know, I am sure."

Father. "Well, he says we must send our Tim to college."

My mother did not seem in the least surprised. She only remarked that Mr. Barlow was a "very sensible man." "Sensible!" said my father, "so he is, and a kind neighbor too; but I think he is mistaken about that boy,—he never will be fit to go from home, in the world." "And he never will be able to earn his salt on a farm," said mother. "Poor boy!" she added, with a sigh. "I know it," said father, musingly; "and Barlow has offered to adopt him, and educate him at his own expense; he seems to

have taken a great liking to him, but I told him to "catch you giving up one of your brood."

"Not he," said my mother with emotion. "If God has stricken one of our children, he has given the rest of us health and strength to take care of him now, and provide for his future support; and no one can do our duty for us.'

"Well, well," said my father; "if Barlow has a mind to assist him in his studies, I suppose we can pay him. It is no harm for the boy to study, as he can do nothing else."

So I commenced a regular course of studies, under the tutorage of Mr. Barlow. I have not told my young readers how old I was at the period I am now writing of; nor, indeed, have I mentioned my age at all, for I did

not wish them to think me backward, or ridicule me for my childish feelings and actions. It is sufficient that I was a "little boy;" it is true that Albert and even Edward, both younger than myself, were quite efficient field laborers; nevertheless I was a little boy, and little boys are not expected to do great things. At least so thought Mr. Barlow; and he bestowed great praise on the progress I made in my lessons.

But I ought in sincerity to confess, that at this time I was very far from what I should have been as a moral, accountable creature. I was proud and self-willed, and ambitious, and turned a deaf ear to the heavenly monitor that was often whispering, "Son, give me thy heart." "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and his

righteousness." Mr. Barlow, with the zeal that characterizes a true follower of the meek and lowly Saviour, strove in his own gentle manner to draw me to Christ.

"My dear boy," said he one evening, "I fear you are not making suitable returns to your heavenly Father for all his mercies to you."

The good man had quite gained my confidence, and I answered, "Indeed, sir, I have sometimes thought that I have very little cause for gratitude for my lot in this world. Look at me, sir,—even Edward, if I attempt to reprove him, will lift me in his arms, and no one ever loved me except my mother. Scarcely a day passes without some bodily suffering. And were it not for you, I should now become dis-

couraged, and give up all hopes in this world."

"Ah, my young friend," said he, "that is why I wish you to secure that which will never yield you disappointment. The time will come, and perhaps sooner than we expect, when you must resign all your hopes and interest in this life; and if you have no treasure in heaven, even should the summons be delayed until old age, it will then be unwelcome. The path of life is rough, and strewn with thorns, but, with religion for our guide, we can walk steadily on, fearing no evil."

He then knelt down and commended me to the mercy of God, and earnestly prayed that I might speedily become a recipient of divine grace, and numbered with the

heirs of salvation. I was somewhat affected, and promised my friend, on leaving him, to think of the subject.

But each day I plunged anew into the work I designed to accomplish; and quieted the whisperings of conscience, with the excuse that I had no leisure for such things at present. God prepared a leisure for me.

CHAPTER IV.

DISCOURAGEMENTS — THE MAN OF GOD — SERMON — HYMN — SICKNESS — THE DYING SCENE.

"He taught us how to live, and O! too high
A price for knowledge! taught us how to die!"
Young.

It was not long before I discovered that the tasks I compelled myself to do, were too much for my strength; I became very weak and nervous, and at length was obliged to give them up for a season. This was a sad disappointment to me, and one which I bore with very little patience. "I see how it is," said I to my mother, "I am to be a miserable invalid for life, and incapable of doing anything. You need not prepare that bathing tub; I don't want to fuss with that.

I might as well die now as live to be a burden to you all my days." "Timmy," said she, "you do wrong to be impatient. God knows what is best for us. I expect you will soon be well again. You have studied too much, and taken cold by exposure to the evening dews; you must bathe and take this composing draught; and if you keep quite quiet, you will soon be well."

Notwithstanding this assurance, it was several weeks before I was able to return to my studies, and you may be sure that the good Spirit did not desert me. "O," thought I, "if there is anything in religion to soothe this restless mind, it is just the thing I need. But how shall I make myself a Christian? Surely it must require some great effort

to produce so great a change." Mr. Barlow often called to see me, and often pointed me to the Lamb of God; but as yet I could not apprehend him as my Saviour.

One day my friend called in great haste, to see if my father thought it expedient to have a lecture at the School-house the next day, which was the Sabbath. Brother Moore, he said, from —— station, had come to spend a few weeks with him to recover his health, and he (Mr Barlow) was anxious to hear him preach. My father hesitated; he was always afraid of innovations. He thought the services at the meeting-house about as much as was profitable. Horatio here interposed; said he thought there were many who would like to attend. Mother and the girls

seconded the motion; so that father felt obliged to withdraw his objections, and the vote passed the "house." Mr. Barlow and my brothers took great care to circulate the appointment. Long before five o'clock the house was crowded to overflowing. To my surprise mother offered no objection to my attending, and the chaise was harnessed for my express accommodation.

On entering the house, I was struck with the appearance of the lecturer —so pale, yet so happy-looking. Surely, thought I, if there is anything in religion to support the mind under affliction, that man knows it, and how it may be obtained. I will pay attention. But it was no merit in me to be attentive that evening. From the time he rose in the desk

until the benediction, I was spell-bound. I had been accustomed to exceedingly dry, theological discourses, unsuited in style and language to the capacity of children; so that Mr. Moore's plain, simple language, and affectionate manner, won my heart at once. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" said he. And O how clear was the exposition of that text! With what language did he describe the meek, patient Son of God, bearing the burden of his Father's wrath alone, until the last bitter sigh was breathed forth in a prayer for his murderers; while, by nature's convulsive efforts, the "holiest of holies" was unveiled, to show that "there remained no more sacrifice for sin." He closed with a warm,

earnest exhortation to repentance and faith toward God, through Jesus Christ, by whom the Father had become reconciled to all who believe on him. He then opened his hymn-book, and, without once looking thereon, repeated,—

"O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace!

His only righteousness I show,—
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry,—Behold the Lamb!

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

I left the house deeply affected, and entirely convinced by the services of the evening. That week I called on Mr. Barlow, and expressed a wish to renew my studies. My

friend shook his head. "No," said he, "you are yet too weak and nervous; but walking will not injure you, and you must call on us every day. Brother Moore can sympathize with you, for he, too, is an invalid." I accepted the invitation, and was soon on intimate terms with that holy man. And O how entirely did he win my affections! To this day does my heart warm, when I think of dear brother Moore. Ah! this world is not all dark and dreary. Pure, holy angels still wave their bright wings around us; and though all unseen by mortal eyes, we at times know and feel them near. It was thus I felt when conversing with Mr. Moore: he seemed so entirely loosed from earth, and still possessing such sympathy with all around him,

that I could not understand him, while he seemed to comprehend every feeling of mine. I had not yet drank of the fountain of life, while he was constantly laving his soul in it.

In a few weeks it became too apparent that disease was making rapid inroads in his constitution. Still, his kind friends hoped. An eminent physician was sent for, and Mr. and Mrs. Barlow nursed him with the greatest care. But a violent hemorrhage of the lungs soon swept off our remaining hopes. The physician took his leave, saying, "He could do no more;" and a letter was dispatched to Mr. Moore's friends.

I spent every moment that my strength would permit by the side of the dying man. How he rejoiced over the repentant sinner! and how

he longed to embrace me as a believing brother! But that happiness was denied him, there was something too idolatrous in my affection for that man; and it was not until his pious counsel was ended, and that gentle voice was forever silent in death, that I was enabled to look beyond the watchman.

One evening a messenger arrived at my father's, saying, that Mr. Moore was thought to be dying. My parents both started to offer their assistance to the family. It had been a rainy day, and I had been obliged to keep the house. But now the sun shone out clearly, and nothing could dissuade me, too, from going to the house of death. As I entered his chamber, the dying man was repeating the words of the apostle: "I have

fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only," (said he, taking my hand as I drew near the bed,) "but unto all them also that love his appearing." He then turned to his aged father and youthful sister, who knelt by his bed, and gave them some kind messages for his friends; as they arose and bent over him, he drew them toward him, and kissed them affectionately. He then took leave of each of the kind friends who had ministered to his wants. And once more pressing my hand within his own, he pointed upward, sank back, and closed his eyes forever.

CHAPTER V.

THE SACRIFICE ACCEPTED—FUNERAL—THE UNIVERSITY—GIFTS—FREDERIC—A JOURNEY—RECOGNITION—CHRISTIAN INTERVIEW—MARY'S DEATH.

That evening, when my father sat down amidst our saddened group, and opened the Bible, he paused to remark on the mysterious Providence that had cut down a pious young minister in the midst of his usefulness, while so many apparently useless members of society were permitted to cumber the ground. My father spoke calmly, and with his usual formality, but every word sank into my burdened heart. As he proceeded, I burst into tears. He attempted to comfort me: "My son," said he, "we have no cause to weep

for the death of the righteous; but rather let us profit by the triumphant death we have witnessed this evening."

"Indeed, father," said I, "it is not for him that I weep. Had I only the assurance of an acceptance with God that he had, I would gladly lay down this poor body, and be at rest." Here my mother began to weep. "But, ah!" said I, "I am a poor sinner, and have no hope of eternal life!"

There was a silence of several minutes. At length my father spoke, in a trembling voice:—

"My child," said he, "this is joyful news, that one of our dear children has become interested, and I trust savingly so, in the subject of religion. This is more than I ex-

pected, or deserved," said he, brushing away a falling tear. "I know that I have been cold and remiss in the performance of my duty, but I sincerely hope the Holy Spirit will kindle a livelier flame on my heart, and that I may become more useful to you all." He then read a portion of Scripture, and, contrary to his usual custom, sank upon his knees in prayer. My mother and myself knelt too; while father prayed as I had never heard him pray before. Nor did he pray alone,—the sacrifice of a "broken heart" ascended from the family altar on that evening, and when I arose I felt that it was accepted, through the merits of my Great High Priest.

That night, as I lay on my bed, so happy that I could not sleep, I

imagined the glorified spirit of my departed friend hovering around me. Who will say that it was not so?

The next Sabbath we followed the remains of brother Moore to the village church-yard, and buried him beside strangers' graves, while strangers dropped a tear over his early tomb. No matter,—his spirit had found its home, to mingle with kindred spirits forever.

Very soon I returned to my studies. At peace with my God and myself, I was enabled to go on my way rejoicing.

At length the time arrived when I must leave home, to finish my education at a distant seminary. Mr. Barlow had written to a friend to receive me into his family. My father went with me, in the old

chaise; and, on leaving, he pressed me to his bosom, and bestowed his blessing upon me. I knew not until I unpacked my trunk how much I was beloved by my family. There was not an individual that had not contrived to hide some little memorial in my trunk. Even Martha Loring, the betrothed of brother Horatio, had placed a pretty netting purse beside the rich portfolio he had purchased for me. A little volume of Young's Night Thoughts contained the names of Anna Barlow and Julia Twombly. I could not help weeping as I found one after another of these little keepsakes. My mother's Bible was there, with her name written therein, "Presented to her beloved son." She had added, in her own hand-writing,

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

In the family where I boarded was a young man, a relative of the family, and a student, with whom I became very intimate. He was a healthy, happy youth, frank and generous, and bestowed great care and attention on me. This, in a place where all were strangers, endeared him to me very much; for my health was still poor, and I was often prostrated with my old ailments. However, I trusted in God, and never allowed discouragements to prey on my spirits; and somehow I managed to keep my place in the different classes, and even went before many who enjoyed perfect health.

Fred Rollins, my kind "chum,"

told me one evening, that he was going the next afternoon to spend the Sabbath in the country, with an uncle. "Come, go with me, Twombly," said he; "the ride will do you good, and uncle will be delighted to see you,—he likes enthusiasts on religious matters, like yourself,—will you go?"

"I don't know," said I. "If I get sick, you know who will have to nurse me. It will be at your own risk if you take me."

"O! if that is all the objection you can raise, I shall take you; for I know you will be sick if I leave you alone: so the matter is settled."

A delightful ride we had on that lovely afternoon. Our way lay beside a noble river, for many miles; and through splendid farms, with

their fine orchards. It was harvest-time, and the farmers were cutting down their fields of grain, and getting it in. Frederic seemed almost wild with high spirits, and would often leap from the wagon to make some remarks to the laborers, or to beg fruit of them.

About sunset we came within sight of his uncle's residence,—a fine old farm, with an ancient-looking house, almost hid behind two gigantic balm-of-Gilead trees, that extended their long limbs over the roof. The front of the house was closed, and the curtains folded over the windows. Altogether, it was a solemn-looking place. Even Frederic seemed to lose his spirits as we approached: "I declare," said he, "this looks solemn and tomb-

like enough! I wonder if poor Mary, too, is dead. O, there is uncle Moore!"

I looked around, and saw an old gentleman putting up some bars that led to the orchard. He had a basket of apples on his arm. As he turned toward the house I caught a glimpse of his face, and, seizing Fred's arm, I exclaimed, "Tell me, if that is not Francis Moore's father."

"To be sure," said he. "But what did you ever know of cousin Frank?"

By this time Frederic had left the carriage, and was soon shaking the old gentleman's hand.

"Whom have you here?" said he, approaching the carriage, as I was slowly dismounting.

"A friend of mine," said Frederic. "I thought I was bringing him among strangers, but he seems to know you."

"Sure as I live," said the old man, "it is the sick boy that loved poor Frank so well!" and he grasped both my hands, while tears of affectionate memory ran down his withered cheeks. As he led us into the house, he turned to my companion, saying, "You will find the old place lonely, Fred,—your aunt and the two boys gone, the rest married off, and poor Mary,—I shall not have her long: but God's will be done."

"But, uncle," said Frederic, "you do not live alone."

"No," said he; "I have hired men and a housekeeper. But I have but

little interest in the business of the farm, and have sent for my daughter Betsey and her husband to manage it. They have children, and I think I should like to hear pleasant voices here again."

After tea, Mary came down to see us. She looked like a snow-white dove, and I should not have recognized her but for her father. It was the same young sister that knelt by the bed of the dying brother. She seemed affected at the sight of one who reminded her of that scene; but calm and resigned, in prospect of her own dissolution.

"Well, my young friends," said Mr. Moore, as he opened the large Bible, "I hope your hearts are prepared to unite in our evening worship. How is it, Frederic,—have

you learned yet to love the Saviour?"

"Why, to tell the truth, uncle, I think there is but little change in me. I always take pleasure in family prayer. But Mr. Twombly here is religious enough for us both."

The old gentleman inquired how long I had enjoyed the hope of a Christian; and when I related my little experience, and told him who was the chief instrument of my conversion, he seemed almost overcome with emotion. At his request, I prayed with them, and I am sure that we had a weeping time. When I left that family it was with a firmer resolution to be wholly a Christian.

The next spring I heard that the

gentle Mary had gone to join her friends in the "better country." She died in peace.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LETTER—HOME, SWEET HOME—JOYFUL MEETING—CELEBRATION—THE ORATOR—GRANDFATHER'S PROPHECY—THE HEIR—SUCCESS—RETIREMENT—CONCLUSION

I HAVE but little more to say of myself, and perhaps my readers are already weary. After I had been at the university two years, I longed to see my friends at home. Mr. Barlow and brother Andrew excepted, I had not seen one of them since I left. They had visited me the last winter; but I pined to embrace my dear parents, and so I wrote that I should be at home to spend the

warm weather, and soon received an answer from Horatio:—

"The good people of our town had determined on a great celebration at the village, on the Fourth of July; and as soon as your letter arrived, and the news spread of your coming, they began to talk of you for the 'orator of the day.' We have heard of your wonderful talent for spouting, and our good old minister, who enters heartily into the affair, says it will be much more interesting to have one of our own young men than to send abroad for an orator. So you must be all prepared; and be sure to get here in season to recover from the fatigue of your journey.

"Tell your friend Mr. Rollins we shall be happy to see him; and

mother says she will not now be anxious, since he is to accompany you.

"Our grandfather is here, (only think, he is over eighty,) and will remain till you come. He says it is his last visit, and he must see poor little Timmy, before he goes; he can't be made to comprehend that you are the great man of the family."

With what feelings did I again enter the town that contained my childhood's home, and the dear friends I loved so well! It was nearly sunset when we rode through the village, (the third of July,) and we passed many a merry group of young people, bearing evergreens and oak-branches with which to adorn the old church for the celebration. We rode rapidly on, for I did not wish to be recognized, and turning down the

South-road were soon in sight of "home." I pointed it out to Frederic. "Is that your home?" said he; "what a splendid farm! it looks like uncle Moore's. I hope it is not so lonely." "No, indeed," said I; "if our family has not changed, we shall have a merry house to night." As we approached, I saw my father walking in the lane, and I knew he was wondering where Tim was; for, the moment he caught sight of the carriage, he stopped and looked at us. Frederic snatched off my hat, and waved it. My father walked rapidly into the house, and then the front door was thrown open, and the fore-room windows. In a few moments more we were with the happy family, and never was a merrier group assembled.

Frederic laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. And no wonder, for there were fifteen of us; for, beside our own family of eleven, there was grandfather and Fred, and Martha Loring and Anna Barlow. And fifteen people, young and old, all talking together, can make considerable noise. However we soon became quiet, and after tea my father knelt with us, and offered thanks to that Power that had protected the absent one so long, and returned him in safety to his friends; and prayed that our present meeting might be a prelude to a more glorious one in heaven. The next morning, at ten, I locked up the house, and taking a light gig, followed the family to the village. At the door of the church I met Mr. Barlow and two other

gentlemen, the committee of arrangements. As I entered, I felt a strange confusion of associations and ideas, and feared my self-possession would quite desert me. There were many bent brows, and severe scrutinizing glances thrown upon me. For those I did not care. But there were kind, affectionate faces, looking so anxious and sympathizing, that I doubted my ability to get through to their satisfaction. At the foot of the pulpit I met the aged minister, who had performed the services there for more than forty years. As he took my hand I looked steadily in his face, and wondered even then, what was the text on that day that I had chosen one for myself,—the first that I attended church. And not until he had twice bowed very low did

I take the hint to ascend the pulpit-stairs.

The services of the chaplain brought me entirely to myself.* I arose perfectly calm and collected, and spoke for three quarters of an hour with an ease that surprised myself. As the anxiety faded from the countenances of my friends, I grew stronger and stronger; and when I sat down, the congregation made the old church tremble with their cheers.

A dinner was prepared in the grove, but I was too much exhausted to enjoy it. And as soon as possible, Horatio brought my gig, and we started for home. When my grandfather returned, he came immediately to my room. "Tim," said he, "this beats all;—I've attended a good

* See Frontispiece.

CONGRATULATION.

many celebrations, but never one like this—you fairly cast the Parson into the shade. But did n't I tell you so—did n't I say that 'Handsome is that handsome does?'" And the old gentleman now seemed to take to himself infinite credit for his prophecy. "And," said he, "I have some money yet, and you shall have it, to get you through college. Your name is Tim, and you shall have the money I saved for my poor boy." My grandfather kept his word. In a few days he left us, and before I returned to college I received a liberal remittance from him, enough to discharge all my debts. The next year he died, leaving me the old homestead,—quite a valuable property. Having completed my education, I commenced the profession of the law,

and have been very successful. I have educated three noble sons, and settled them in business. Long since retired from business myself, I live on the old farm left me by my venerable relative. Here I wish to spend the evening of my pilgrimage, in quiet and holy contemplation on that mercy and goodness that has followed me all the days of my life. It gives me great pleasure that my experience has enabled me to succor the feeble and timid, and draw out talents that but for me might have never been known. So that I have paid to others the debt I owed to Mr. Barlow.

My parents have long since slept in their graves. My good father lived to see several Christian denominations flourish around him, and to

love them all. He would often say, when speaking of the union that existed among the different churches, "It is of no use to try to keep bars up where neighbor Barlow is,—he 'll have them all down, in spite of us." Kind old man! "he loved God whom he had not seen, and [of course] he loved his brother whom he had seen." My brothers, Horatio and Edward, were cut off in the very prime of life, but a few months after they united with the people of God. Martha, Horatio's wife, found a welcome home with the rest of the family.

THE END.

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